

**SCRIPTS
&
*Scribbles***

BREAD & PUPPET PRESS



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SCRIPTS & *Scribbles*

fingertwirling dance
step on it, sweep it



resignment
catch dance with twirling around

BREAD & PUPPET PRESS

Glover, Vermont

2006

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*Cantastoria: a song-story, with paintings on 2 or more panels of fabric, flipped over as story progresses, with narrator and usually one or two choruses.





President and Chair

Characters: *Population, Voice, President, Sun, Devil, Crows*

Population: Ta, ta, ta.

Voice: Ladies and gentlemen, the President.

Population: Hooray!

President: Thank you. This is a great chair. I have spoken from this chair on many occasions and this is a great nation.

Population: Hooray!

President: Naturally, there are certain problems.

Population: Uh!

President: But don't forget: this is a great country and next time when I stand on this chair again, things will be even better, and let me remind you, this is a great nation.

Population: Hooray!

Voice: Mr. President, Mr. President!

President: What?

Voice: There is a dark cloud above us.

President: Nevertheless, this is a great country. Sorry, I have to go now, but I will be back shortly.

Population: Ta, ta, ta, ta.

Sun: I am the sun. I am the light of the day. I drive the dark clouds away. I made a deal with the night to let me do my job, and at about 7 pm I leave discretely, and sometimes I dress up for that occasion, bright like a tulip. Bye-bye.

Devil: I am the devil. I play the fiddle at night and I make the sleepers nervous at night and I make the shoes dance away from their feet and I make the blankets fly away from their bellies.

Crows: Caw! It's so cold tonight. Caw! Where can we sleep tonight?

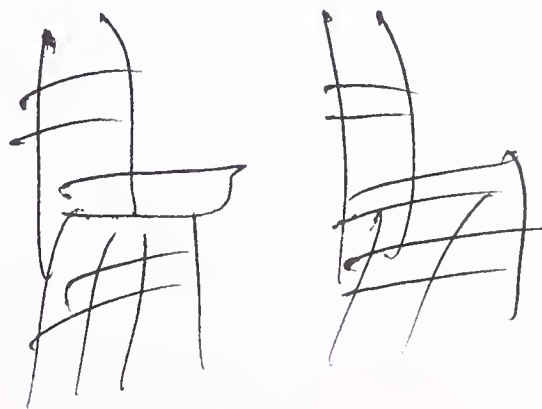
People: Oh, oh, oh, it's so cold tonight!
Oh, oh, oh, what can we eat tonight?
Oh, oh, oh, catch a bird tonight.
Burn the chair and cook the bird.
Is it done? Yes, it's done.
Now let's eat the bird. Eat, eat, eat.
Ta, ta, ta, The chair is burned and the crows are gone and the sun is nowhere to be found and the question is:
What will happen to us!

Devil: Give me five bucks!

Voice: O.K.

Devil: Can I help you?

Population: You?



Devil:

I sold my fiddle and I bought an airplane.
Do you want to get on?

Population:

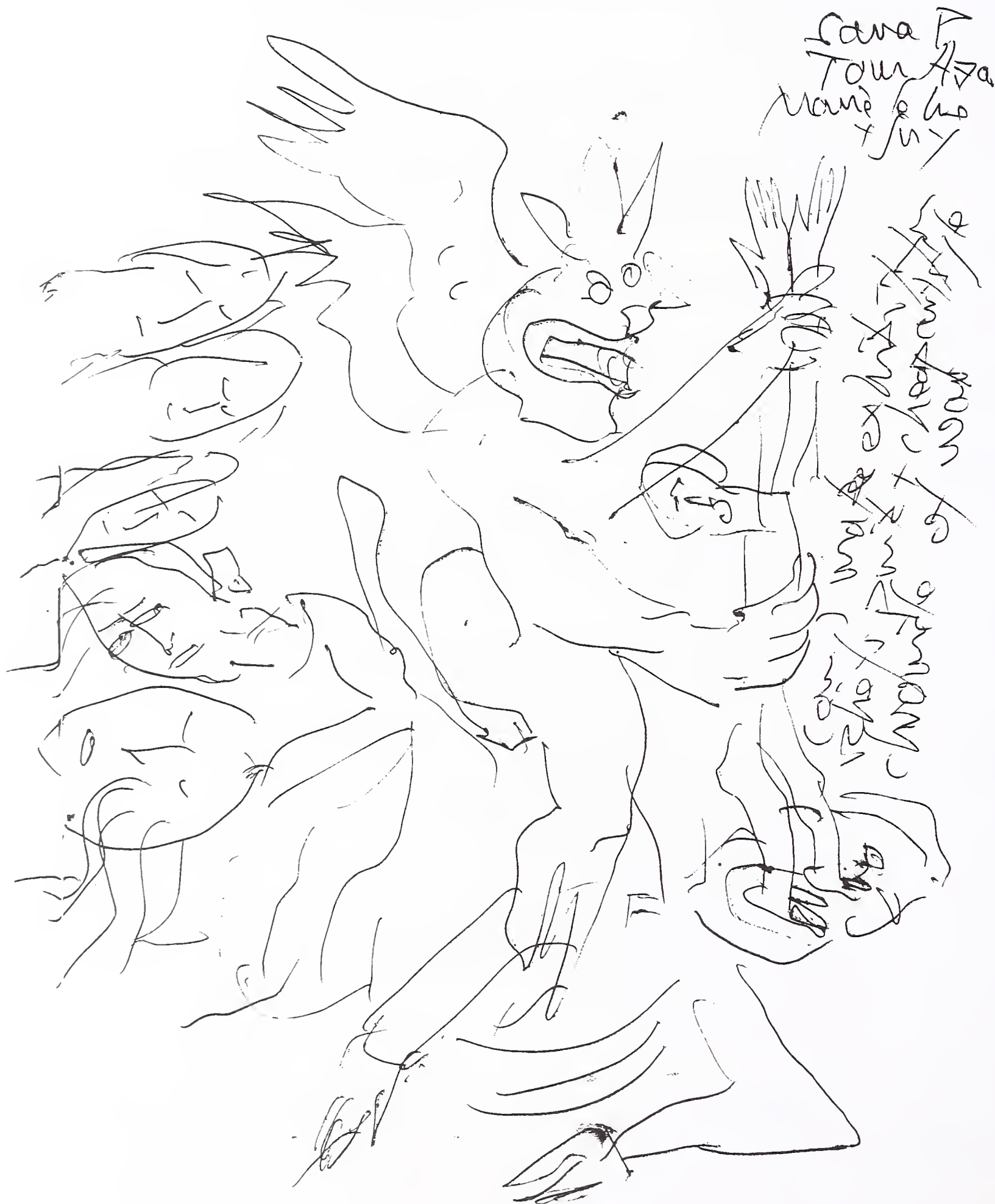
Yes, let's go!

President:

Anybody here?

Hello, anybody here?

End



Snow

Characters: *Colonel, Soldiers, Old Woman, Visitors 1,2 and 3, Voice*

Colonel: 1, 2, 3.

Soldiers: Boom!

Colonel: 1, 2, 3.

Soldiers: Boom!

Colonel: 1, 2, 3.

Soldiers: Boom!

Colonel: That's it, the enemies are all dead, clean-up time, bye-bye. I have to go now.

Soldiers: Now we are unemployed. What are we going to do? Let's sing, ok?

We are soldiers 1, 2, 3
and we are cold 1, 2, 3,
unfortunately we don't have a job anymore.
La, la, la and now we are sad, la, la, la.

Are you sad? Yes, are you sad too?
Yes. I am sad too. Pssst, somebody's coming.

Old Woman: I am an old woman and I live in an old house
and I eat old potatoes. Who are you?

Soldiers: We are unemployed soldiers and we are sad.

Old Woman: How sad are you?

Soldiers: Very.

Old Woman: Why are you sad?

Soldiers: Because it's snowing.

Old Woman: But it's just a little snow, it won't hurt you.

Soldiers: But we are afraid of snow.

Old Woman: Why?

Soldiers: Because we are unemployed.

Old Woman: I see. You want a job?

Soldiers: Yes

Old Woman: What can you do?

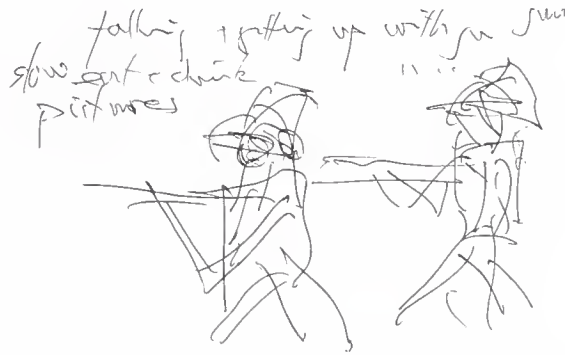
Soldiers: We can kill.

Old Woman: I am an old woman and I live in an old house
and I eat old potatoes,
and I have many cockroaches in my house
eating holes in my potatoes.

Soldiers: We can kill them.

Old Woman: You can?

Soldiers: Sure we can.



Old Woman: O.K., let's go.

Soldiers: Here is our marching song:
 1, 2, 3, we are soldiers, la, la, la,
 We know how to kill, la, la, la.

Old Woman: We are almost there.

Soldiers: O.K., one more time: we are soldiers, la, la, la.

Old Woman: That's enough, here we are.
 By the way, that's a very nice song.

Soldiers: Thank you.

Old Woman: This is my home.

Soldiers: Very nice. Where are the cockroaches?

Old Woman: On the floor, in the potato box and everywhere.

Soldiers: O.K. 1, 2, 3. Boom!

Old Woman: Oh, my God, you blew away the whole house
 and the potatoes too!

Soldiers: But the cockroaches are dead.

Old Woman: What does that help, now that my house is gone?

Soldiers: Sorry.

Old Woman: And now what?

Soldiers: We don't know.

Old Woman: I know.

Soldiers: What?

Old Woman: I have a magic basket that will take us to a warmer climate.

Soldiers: That would be nice.

Old Woman: Here it is. Step right in.

Soldiers: Thank you.

Old Woman: See how little everything is from up here?

Soldiers: Yes, very little. Where are we going?

Old Woman: We are going to a warmer climate
 where the apple trees grow.
 There you will learn apple picking
 and I make stone-soup.

Soldiers: What's that?

Old Woman: It's delicious. Here we are. You go and pick apples
 and I make stone-soup.

Soldiers: O.K. Off we go.

Old Woman: First I have to teach you the apple-picking song.

Soldiers: How does it go?

Old Woman: It goes like this:
 We are soldiers 1, 2, 3,
 We pick apples from the tree.

Soldiers: (Sing)

Old Women: Lovely boys! And now let me have my stone soup pot, please.
Thank you.
Stone soup, stone soup all day long,
Stone soup makes us big and strong.

Visitor 1: What are you cooking?

Old Woman: Stone soup

Visitor 1: Can I taste some?

Old Woman: Sure.

Visitor 1: Delicious, but something is missing.

Old Woman: What's that?

Visitor 1: Carrots, carrots are missing.

Old Woman: Carrots, please!

Voice: Carrots coming up.

Old Woman: Thank you.

Visitor 2: Delicious, but something is missing.

Old Woman: What's that?

Visitor 2: Onions, onions are missing.

Old Woman: Onions, please!

Voice: Onions coming up.

Old Woman: Thank you.

Visitor 3: Delicious, but something is missing.

Old Woman: What's that?

Visitor 3: Potatoes, potatoes are missing.

Old Woman: Potatoes, please!

Voice: Potatoes coming up.

Old Woman: Thank you.

Old Woman: And now the soup is done.
Stone soup, Stone soup, all day long,
Stone-soup makes you big and strong.

All sing: Oh, how lovely is the evening, is the evening,
When the soup is sweetly boiling, sweetly boiling.
Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong.

End



Axe and Angel

Characters: *Woman, Tree, Sun, Narrator, Inspector,
Wind, Company, Executioner, Telephone, Axe, Population*

Scene 1

Woman: If you stay here, I'll give you water and I'll keep the bugs away.
Tree: O.K. Thank you. I'll produce some pretty, light-green buds in May.
Woman: How exciting. I can't wait.
Tree: And hopefully a few pinecones which you can crack open. There are tasty little nuts inside.
Woman: Wonderful.
Tree: Let's see how it works for a year and if we both like it, we can continue the arrangement.
Woman: I'll keep my side of the bargain. Let's hope for some sunshine.
Sun: Don't worry, I'll be in and out.
Woman: Very nice. Things are looking all right. I'll go now and get my baby something to eat and have a coffee myself.
Tree: Fine, see you later.
Woman: Bye.

Scene 2

Narrator: The population makes a government. But the government makes the population nervous for several reasons which are too complicated to explain right now, Therefore the population wants to know the truth, and for that purpose they need a newspaper. The first step is that they elect inspectors to inspect the tree for papermaking.
Inspector: Are you the tree?
Tree: Yes.
Inspector: We need to make paper for a newspaper, so we are checking out if you are the right material.
Tree: I may be the right material, but this is my life, not yours.
Inspector: This isn't a question of life, it's a question of a whole population deciding something important.
Tree: How important?
Inspector: Very important.
Tree: I don't quite believe that this importance is more important than my life, and besides, I have a deal with a very nice woman with a baby who will harvest my pine nuts in return for watering me.
Inspector: Wait a minute...
Wind: What does this gentleman want?
Inspector: I am inspecting the tree and who are you?
Wind: I am the wind and I blow wherever I want and I want to know what's going on. Why are you inspecting the tree?

Inspector: For paper to print a newspaper.
 Wind: Why?
 Inspector: To print the truth.
 Tree: But the truth is that the woman and I have decided to live together for our mutual benefit.
 Wind: Let me help you.
 Tree: How?
 Wind: I know how. Like this, see?
 Tree: All right!
 Inspector: Oh, my God, I better run.
 Tree: Thanks.
 Wind: It's a pleasure, anytime.
 Tree: I am afraid this is not the end of my troubles.



Scene 3

Narrator: The population hires a company to pull down the tree.
 It's done like this: first they put a dollar bill in front of the woman's toes...
 Woman: No way!
 Narrator: Then they produce a court order, which they nail to the trunk of the tree, and then they attach a rope.
 Woman: No, you can't do this.
 Company: Yes we can.
 Woman: No you can't.
 Company: We have a contract.
 Woman: It's your contract, not mine.
 Company: Listen, lady, please step to the side and let us do our job, or else...
 Woman: Or else what?
 Company: We do it anyway.
 Woman: Over my dead body.
 Company: All right, if you say so. Executioner!
 Executioner: Yes sir.
 Woman: No, no, no, no, no.
 Company: It's your choice. You step out of the way, or else...
 Woman: No, no, no, no, no.
 Company: Please.
 Executioner: Sorry.
 Woman: Ohhhhhh!
 Executioner: Chop!
 Company: All right, men.

Tree: How sad is the death of my friend and how sad is my own fate.
I, a representative of the great color Green, am sacrificed today
for the human need for paper for the dissemination of the so-called truth.
My veins are sliced, my architecture is wrecked, and my complex history,
intertwined with the history of birds and bees and dependent on the work
of dozens of miniscule labor unions, is interrupted, and I die.
Bye-bye. (Tree down)

Company: Thank you, men, good work. The Tree is down. The next step is to hire the
Axe to chop up the trunk and make it into pulp. Unfortunately, it's 5 pm,
quitting time. We can call the Office of the Axe tomorrow morning.

Scene 4 - Office of the Axe

Telephone: Ring!

Office: Office of the Axe here, good morning.

Company: Good morning, this is the Company. We pulled down the Tree yesterday, and
it should be chopped up for pulp. Can you send an Axe?

Telephone: Yes. Is 10 am early enough?

Company: Yes, 10 am is fine.

Telephone: All right, we'll be there.

Company: Thank you.

Telephone: Have a nice day. Click.

Scene 5

Narrator: What happened to the Woman who died by the side of the Tree? When she
died, her soul, which is approximately the size of a butterfly, flew from her
body and hovered above the Tree. And there the soul of the Woman
listened carefully to the Company discussing the chopping up of the Tree.
Being a soul, she had access to the Old Gods, and she contacted the Greek
Goddess Demeter and asked for help.

Population: We are nervous. The Government makes us nervous for reasons
too complex to mention here. We need to know the truth,
and therefore we need a newspaper. Where is the paper?

Company: The paper machine is right here. Everything is ready, we are just waiting for
the Axe. It was meant to be here at 10 and it's just about 10 now. I think I hear
something. There, see.

Population: What is this? It's not an Axe, it's a bird!

Axe: No, sir, I am the Axe. But I have a new job. I am working for the Greek
Goddess Demeter, who is in charge of trees. And now, please watch.
When I chop, this is what happens: One! Chop!

Population: Oh!

Axe: Two! Chop!

Population: Oh! Oh!

Axe: Three! Chop! (Tree up)

Population: But, but, but...

Wind: No buts. This is the right thing. Watch out, I'll make you all dance.
Music, please. (All dance)

End

Violence

Characters: *6th Grade Boy, Kitchen, Dance, Mother, Father, Machine Gun, Law, Electric Chair, Teacher*

6th Grade Boy: My teacher asked me what kind of movie would I make if I could make any kind of movie.

Kitchen: I am good. I am clean. They need me.
Sometimes I am dirty.

Dance: I am jolly. I lighten up their life. They need me.

Mother: I am sad. I don't know what's happening to me.
That's what I need: Dance!

Kitchen: I turn off the light. It's after dinner anyway.

Father: I am back. I looked for work all day. I am tired.
Guess what I need? Dance!

Mother: Let's have fun.

Kitchen: This is so nice, but I feel something bad
is going to happen.

Machine Gun: I am a 6th grade boy.

Dance: Watch out!

Machine Gun: Bam, Bam, Bam!

Mother: Ohhhh!

Father: Ahhhh!

6th Grade Boy: I'll run away to Europe 'til they find me.

Law: You are under arrest.

Electric Chair: You must die.

Teacher: Is this the movie you would make if you could make
any kind of movie?

6th Grade Boy: Yes.
End



THE FOOT

Narrator, Chorus I & II

Narrator: The Fight Against the End of the World Theater Association presents:

Chorus: The Foot.

Narrator: Very careful, out of nothing, from the garbage,
with a lot of hard work, with the help of our grandparents,
our great-grandparents, our great-great-great-grandparents,
we build a house.

Chorus I: A house?

Chorus II: Yes, a house.

Narrator: A table.

Chorus I: A table?

Chorus II: Yes, a table.

Narrator: And we cook soup.

Chorus I & II: Soup?

Narrator: Yes, chicken soup with:

Chorus I & II: Mushrooms, barley, salt and pepper,
Mushrooms, barley, salt and pepper,
Chicken livers, chicken hearts,
Chicken livers, chicken hearts,
Po-ta-toes, and carrots and carrots and carrots.

Narrator: And we make children.

Chorus I: Children?

Narrator: Yes, children.

Chorus II: Or not.

Narrator: And we produce light.

Chorus I & II: And we eat and we drink, and we eat and we drink,
and we eat and we drink...

Narrator: And when we are done eating and drinking, we sing:

Chorus I & II: "And the larks they sang melodious...
At the dawning of the day..."

Narrator: And then we go to sleep in the arms of Morpheus, the god of sleep.
And aside from a few minor itches and twitches,
we sleep well because we believe in what we've built,
and why not? It's so concrete.
But then, the big foot steps over us,
and is about to crush us.

All: Oh, no! Don't let the big foot crush you.
Protest and survive!



End

Lubberland Cantastoria

What is Lubberland? Where is Lubberland? How can I find it?
These are the questions that race through everybody's mind
in everybody's sleepless nights:

Where is Lubberland?

Ladies and Gentleman, we present to you now,
the seven sensations that make Lubberland what it is.

1 Electricity

Oh, isn't electricity a wonderful thing?
You live upstairs. You go upstairs and downstairs and upstairs and downstairs.
You are healthy because you live upstairs. But then you get the correct
Lubberland idea and you rip out the stairs and put in an elevator.
And then you go to the stair-master store and you buy a stair-master
to replace the missing stair-exercise,
and you say: Oh, isn't electricity a wonderful thing?
Therefore, we show you now a picture entitled:
Hat in Lemon Juice.

2 Super-market

Oh, isn't a super-market a wonderful thing?
You live under an apple tree and the apple tree produces so many apples
you don't know what to do. So you go to the super-market and you give
the super-market your money and the super-market gives you apples in return,
and you say: Oh, isn't a super-market a wonderful thing?
Therefore, we show you now, a picture entitled:
Depressed Auto Mechanic in Cardboard Box.

3 Economy

Oh, isn't an economy a wonderful thing?
You take your god-given lifetime and you offer it to your employer
and your employer does not say thank you, but he gives you money,
and you say: Oh, isn't an economy a wonderful thing?
Therefore, we show you now a picture entitled:
Diagonal Christmas Tree with Fish.

4 Enlightenment

Oh, isn't enlightenment a wonderful thing?
You turn on the light and it enlightens you. You turn off the light and the
dark is there. And you turn off the dark and it's light again,
and you say: Oh, isn't enlightenment a wonderful thing?
Therefore, we show you now a picture entitled:
Solitary Knee.

5
Freedom

Oh, isn't freedom a wonderful thing?
You are free and not in jail. Instead, somebody else is,
and you say: Oh, isn't freedom a wonderful thing?
Therefore, we show you now a picture entitled:
Typical Five-legged Pig of Lubberland.

6
Democracy

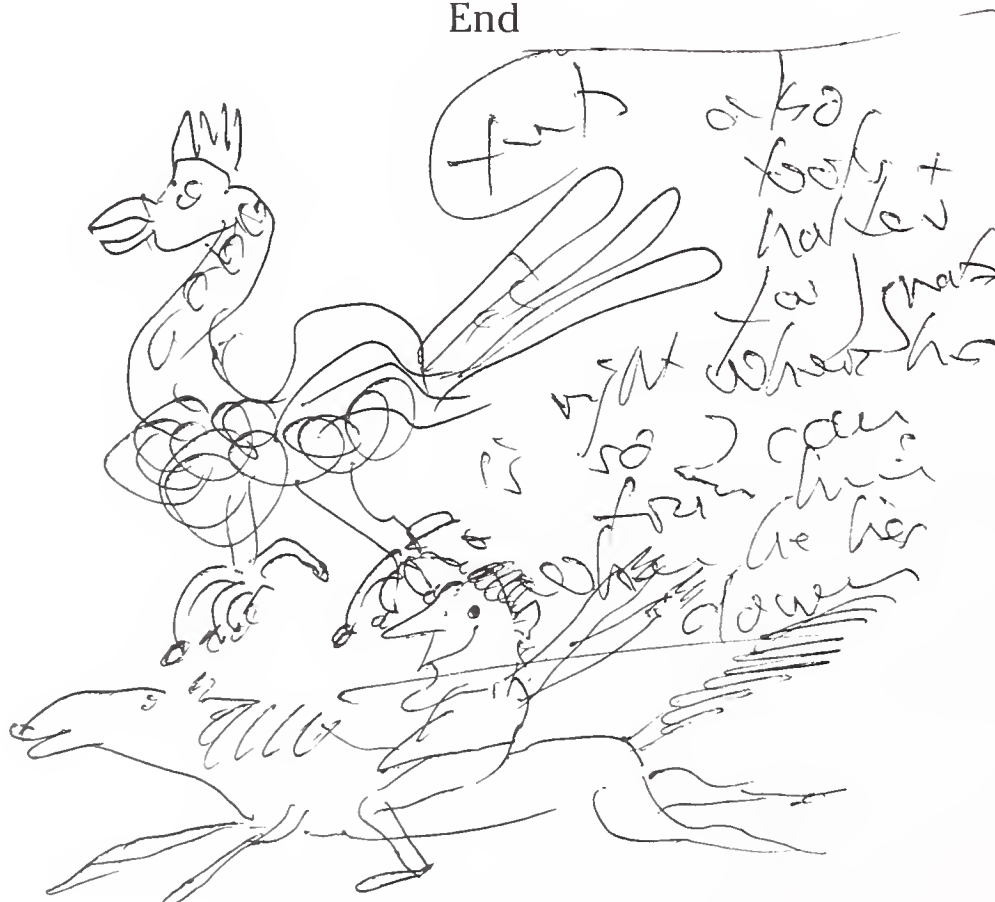
Oh, isn't democracy a wonderful thing?
You go to the voting booth and you cast your vote,
and as a result of your vote, one rich man or another
ascends to the throne of the country,
and he allows the mountains and the valleys to exist a little longer,
and you say: Oh, isn't democracy a wonderful thing?
Therefore, we show you now a picture entitled:
Sightseeing Bus at Edge of Famous Mud Puddle.

7
Morning

Oh, isn't a morning a wonderful thing?
You get up and you do whatever you want. And the government protects
your whatever-you-want, and the Defense Department eliminates buildings,
landscapes, cities, whatever necessary, to protect your whatever-you-want,
and you say: Oh, isn't a morning a wonderful thing?
Therefore, we show you now a picture entitled:
Sunset over Mosquito.

Oh, where is Lubberland?
And what is Lubberland?
How can I find it? Where can it be?
Oh, where is Lubberland?

End



How to Turn Distress into Success

And now a message from the Institute of Distress and Success, where we have studied this matter thoroughly and have come to the conclusion that when one attempts to change distress into success, one merely succeeds in changing success into further distress. I shall elaborate.

In exhibit A we see the word BAD. A very small ordinary word, referring to anything from weather to mixed-up stomach to mixed-up circumstances. A dialectical non-entity of a word that derives its meaning primarily from its opposite, the word GOOD, which in normal life BAD usually overshadows.

In exhibit B we see the word WORSE— a Teutonic word meaning war, the aggressive solution to the above stated dialectical indecisiveness. Furthermore, the word WORSE, meaning war, is invented in that part of the brain, which is afflicted by HOPELESSNESS.

In exhibit C we find the word WORST—the inevitable result of exhibit B—unimaginable pain, as promoted by two opposing forces: the Terrorists and the Horrorists.

Exhibit D further defines these two opposing forces: the Terrorists, who are illegitimate, and the Horrorists, who are legitimate. The Terrorists promote fear, whereas the Horrorists promote peace and harmony. Peace being the enjoyment of total military superiority; and harmony, the act of compliance with the exercise of total military superiority.

And finally, Exhibit E shows a quantitative comparison of these two opposing forces. The Terrorists are here depicted in the corner as this cockroach, whereas the Horrorists are here depicted as this colossal Tyrannosaurus Rex to whom they are coincidentally genetically related, and in whose footsteps of extinction we can only hope they shall soon follow.

End



History of Humanity

First, Humanity is all one:
One body, one soul, one knee (the other knee),
one liver, one mouth, one stomach, one elbow.
They all work together to make it click,
and the bluebirds say: Hey, that system ain't so bad!

Then, the importance of the head is invented.
Language is churned out of the head,
and language goes down to the body,
and language tells it to do what language wants it to do.

Then, the directives from above are implemented.
The goods are harvested:
Blood, muscles, kidneys and limbs
are all taken for their usefulness.

The result is money.
And, soon, humanity is a billionaire,
who is seen here, carrying away the garbage:
The surplus populations.

Ah, and here, you see the bluebirds,
who take pity on the refugees of the humanity system,
and ship them off... nobody knows where.

End



Everything

Narrator: Ladies and Gentlemen: Everything!

Chorus: Everything, Everything, Everything and Everything, Everything, Everything.

Narrator: This story is written in red ink, which is made from the heart-blood of dozens of artists who needed to be sacrificed in order to create this piece of red writing. This sacrifice was fully appreciated by these artists, because they realized that their art, which resulted from their most heart-rending efforts

Chorus: had not penetrated the hearts of their fellow citizens.

Narrator: And even their most passionate attacks on their war-mongering contemporaries had only gone

Chorus: skin deep.

Narrator: But now, finally, through this sacrifice, all these terrors and tortures committed in the name of love and justice, will be remedied

Chorus: immediately.

Narrator: And the executives of the miserable system will immediately resign.

Chorus: Naturally.
Everything.

Narrator: Dissatisfied intelligence was in great need to create something, and therefore created

Chorus: Everything.

Narrator: Everything lay around on the earth, unspecified and unenlightened. For example:

Chorus: An innocent tree. Genghis Khan. A teenaged camel. Hardware.
A tiny little crucifix. A field of daisies. 7 am.

Narrator: But then, universities were erected,

Chorus: ta-da!

Narrator: and specifiers emerged,

Chorus: ta-da!

Narrator: and turned Everything into specifics.

Chorus: Ta-ta-ta-ta.

Narrator: And when Everything was available, life could start. Hunters could hunt.

Chorus: Bang!

Narrator: Farmers could farm.

Chorus: Huh!

Narrator: And supermarkets could dispense the specifics into the kitchens and offices of life.

Chorus: Hooray!

Narrator: And since then, life has never been better because it had

Chorus: Everything.

Narrator: But Everything did not like the specifics.
Everything was indeterminably vast and wonderful.

Chorus: Ahh!

Narrator: And the specifics were disappointingly unattractive by comparison.

Chorus: Oh!

Narrator: This disappointment gave life constant headaches

Chorus: Ahh!

Narrator: that were hard to live with.

Chorus: Oh!

Narrator: A new path had to be taken.

Chorus: Everything, Everything, Everything and Everything.

Narrator: So the hunters decided to become pilots.

Chorus: Bzzz!

Narrator: And the farmers became tourists on roller-skates.

Chorus: Cheese! Click!

Narrator: The supermarkets took over and occupied the valleys.
And the mountains fell into the hands of the mountain-removal companies.
And Everything achieved a final form of existence so all-encompassing
that nothing was left out.

Chorus: Aha!

Narrator: Every little mouse had its proper place.

Chorus: Yes.

Narrator: The headaches went away! And life functioned perfectly,
like a well-oiled gristmill, or like a jet landing on a perfect beach...

Chorus: Everything, Everything, Everything and Everything...

Narrator: ...discharging life in its highest form, and then collecting it
and taking it to yet another equally perfect beach.

Chorus: Thank-you.

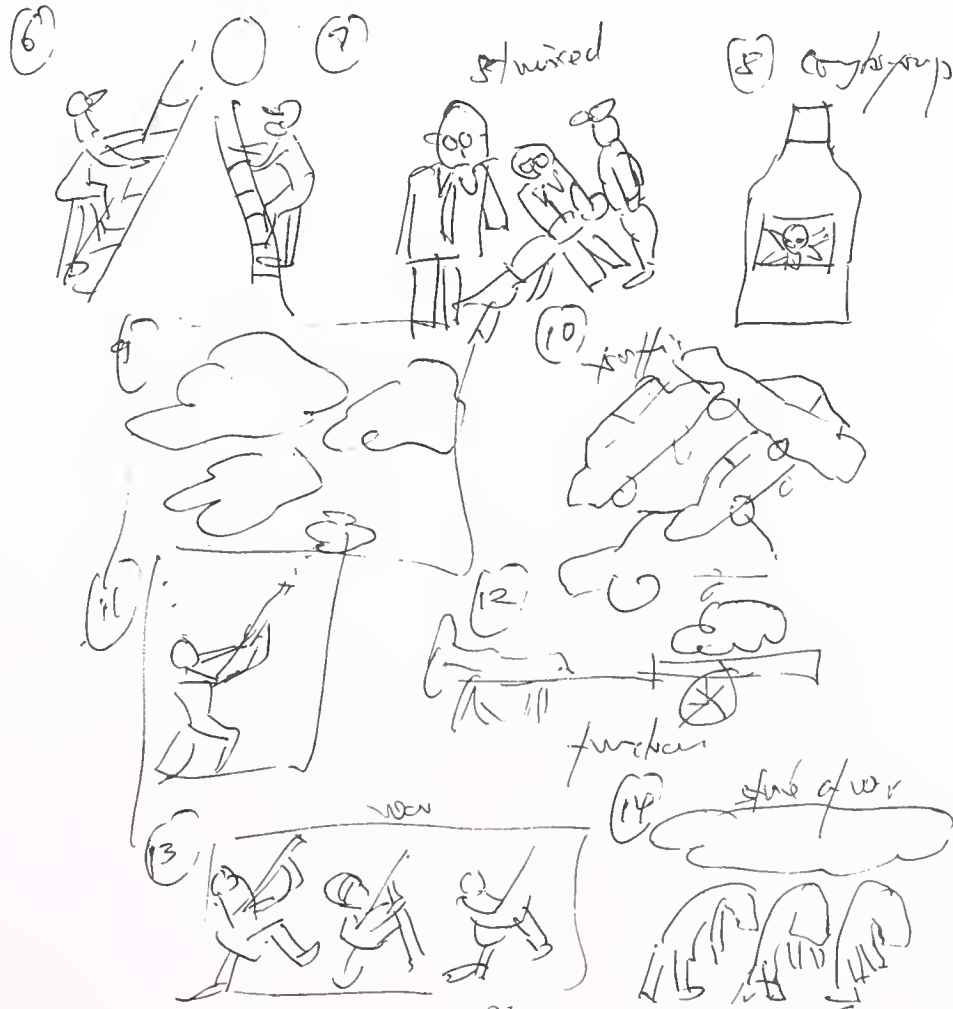
End



Nothing

1. Nothing.
2. Cardboard citizens arise from the Nothing. They get arms from the arm-makers, feet from the footologists and shoes from the shoe factory. Beauty causes them to exist, and they turn their existence into life.
3. They immediately engage animals
 - a) to work
 - b) to manufacture useful products.
4. A big hole appears in the universe.
5. Great engineers meet to discuss the fixing of the hole. They assume a positive attitude.
6. Great engineers are mixed with great politicians in order to achieve the desired result.
7. The desired result results in a cough that strikes all citizens. Cough syrup is prescribed.
8. During the cough, aggressive dark clouds threaten the engineers and then disperse them. Their engines get dispersed as well. There are engine congestions everywhere.
9. In response citizens practice cloud shooting. Clouds die. Funeral marches follow.
10. Ever larger clouds threaten the original existence of cardboard citizens and require warfare.
11. In order to maintain normality, normality-laws are strictly enforced and normality-deficiency is vigorously persecuted.
12. Even though these circumstances are distressing and even life-endangering, the final result is the same old Nothing that started everything.

End



Trial and Execution of Today

It happened only yesterday, in plain daylight, that Tomorrow stopped Today in its tracks, called the police, had him arrested and taken to court.

When Today's lawyer asked what the charge was, it turned out that there were two charges. The court said: You are hereby charged with:

- a) negligently allowing, and
- b) meticulously planning and delegating the murder of your own offspring, Tomorrow.

When the defense asserted that the accused was totally unaware of his guilt, Today was reminded that he had received multiple warnings:

- a) poisonous winds and their consequences,
- b) disastrous floods and their consequences,
- c) the extinction of entire species, all of them unmistakably pointing to the high probability of irreversible, imminent murder.

And the accused was called to the stand, and he fell on his knees and said: I, a beggar, begging on my knees, plead with you: please take pity on me and allow me to live one more day to prove my innocence.

But Tomorrow produced a powerful witness, Yesterday, and Yesterday testified that:

- a) rivers had been killed,
- b) mountains had been removed,
- c) entire populations had been occupied and tortured — all of them part of Tomorrow's vital life-support system — and the verdict was: guilty.

And Today was to be executed that very evening, pending a last appeal for clemency.

But the President, in whom alone rests the power to grant clemency, was the same whose executive orders had laid the groundwork for Today's murderous attempts on Tomorrow's life.

End



The Four Stages of The Globe



1

In the first stage
the globe is just a globe
for grasses and tigers
and rabbits
and mosquitoes,
maple trees, bears,
children, clouds,
mountains.



2

In the second stage
all the animals get pushed into one corner of the globe
and the birds hide in the clouds,
and the machines take over.
The earth-moving machines harvest all forms of life
and squash them together,
and make them into sausages.
And the sausage-distribution-machines
fly through the sky
and spot the hungry populations who need sausages.



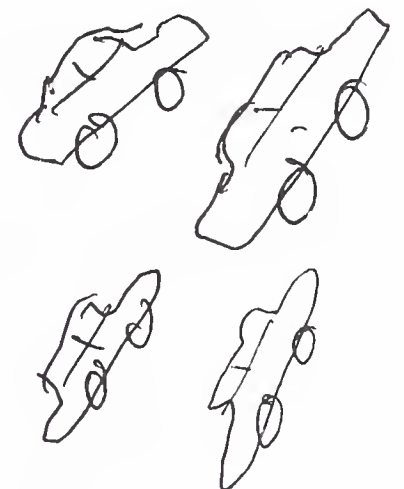
3

In the third stage of the globe,
the globe starts sweating
and spitting
and shitting
and vomiting
and trying to get rid of all the itches
and aches and intrusions.

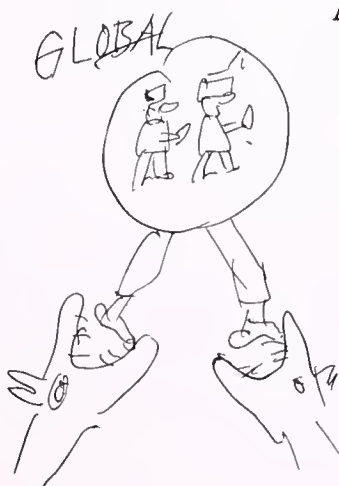


4

In the fourth stage of the globe
the populations of the globe
go to the mountains and ask:
"Please, can we sit on your summits
and watch the sunset,
and can we walk in your valleys
and plant the seeds of the old pine trees
which we have chopped down?"



And the populations go to the sea and ask:
"Please, can we set sail on you
not to go anywhere in particular,
but simply to be taken away
from the unhappiness system
and be embraced by strong wind
and absolutely nothing else?"



End

Lubberland Information Service

Rustic old-fashioned cow in pre-fab post-modern pasture.

A Photo-illustration provided by Lubberland Press, which reported today that the President of Lubberland said, $2 + 2 = 5$! But the Lubberland Press expressed great concern about the precise hour of the President's announcement. Wuzzah!

Ordinary hammer in blood-curdling circumstances.

Why? Because! Lubberland's recent wars were all peace missions and now a bill has been introduced that will make the equation War = Peace legally binding in Lubberland. Wuzzah!

Homemade jar of sauerkraut by the light of the moon,
refers to the light-of-the-moon-presidential-address to the nation, which called for fighting dictatorships because in dictatorships a few control the resources that belong to all.
Whereas, in Lubberland, very few own all the resources. Wuzzah!

Square! Square planet! Square progress-friendly planet!

Where deployment of guns for problem-solving purposes is obligatory, which results in zero population growth. Wuzzah!

The Defense Department of Lubberland is worried
about chronic arms shortage. But the problem is easy to solve by throwing money
at the shortage and now Lubberland has an arms longage. Wuzzah!

The peak of Lubberland Mountain, an aerial photo,
where daily exercises take place to keep citizens upright instead of falling! Wuzzah!

The podiatrists of Lubberland have discovered
that happiness is produced by a gland in the feet. The happiness industry has hired
the shoe industry to respond quickly to the urgent need for happiness-stimulation
shoes — wildlife not excluded! Wuzzah!

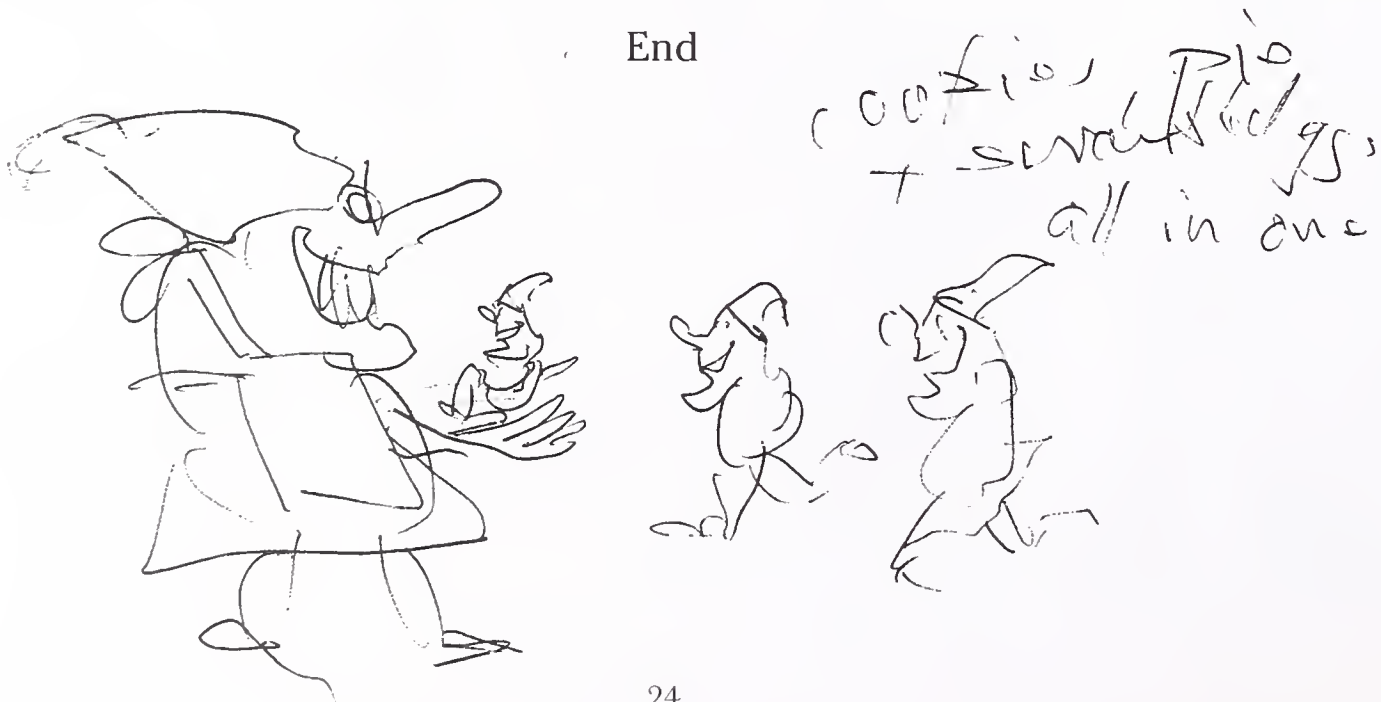
Upside-down Communist shirt.

The government of Lubberland announced its fight against carbon emissions and ordered
all carbon emissions to be accelerated. Wuzzah!

A picture of a very rare species: a university-educated rooster.

Because in Lubberland, jail is more expensive than very high education, the students of
very high education apply for jail and prisoners receive the very high education. Wuzzah!

End



Dance of the Celestial General

My name is this and that. During my lifespan I was a loyal citizen of Lubberland. I had a normal sweet and sour life serving Lubberland's enterprises in distant countries, when all of a sudden I was disembodied and dispersed in thousands of fragments all over the place. Consequently, all these fragments have been painstakingly put together again, and I now re-exist as Celestial General, serving the sky for the purposes of the sky only. My specific assignment in my capacity as Celestial General is to bring all employers of fragmentation bombs, but also all potential employers and that means all citizens of Lubberland, to their knees, in total abandonment of themselves and in absolute submission to the sky, because this is the sky's only hope to save this already badly damaged planet from its logical doom.

End



A Naked p.m. pop + executive branch of the correct moment are the chief performers of the production

**8 No-No-No-Dances
Against the US-Supported War on Lebanon**

1

The Civilians-Are-Not-the-Target-But-the Civilians-Are-the-Target Dance

2

The One-Quarter-of-the-Population-of-Lebanon-Refugee Dance

3

The Cluster-Bomb Dance or The-Violation-of-the-Geneva-Convention Dance

4

The US-Opposition-to-a-Cease-Fire Dance

5

The Breeding-Extremist-Response Dance

6

The US-Hands-Are-Dipped-in-the-Blood-of Lebanese-Civilians Dance

7

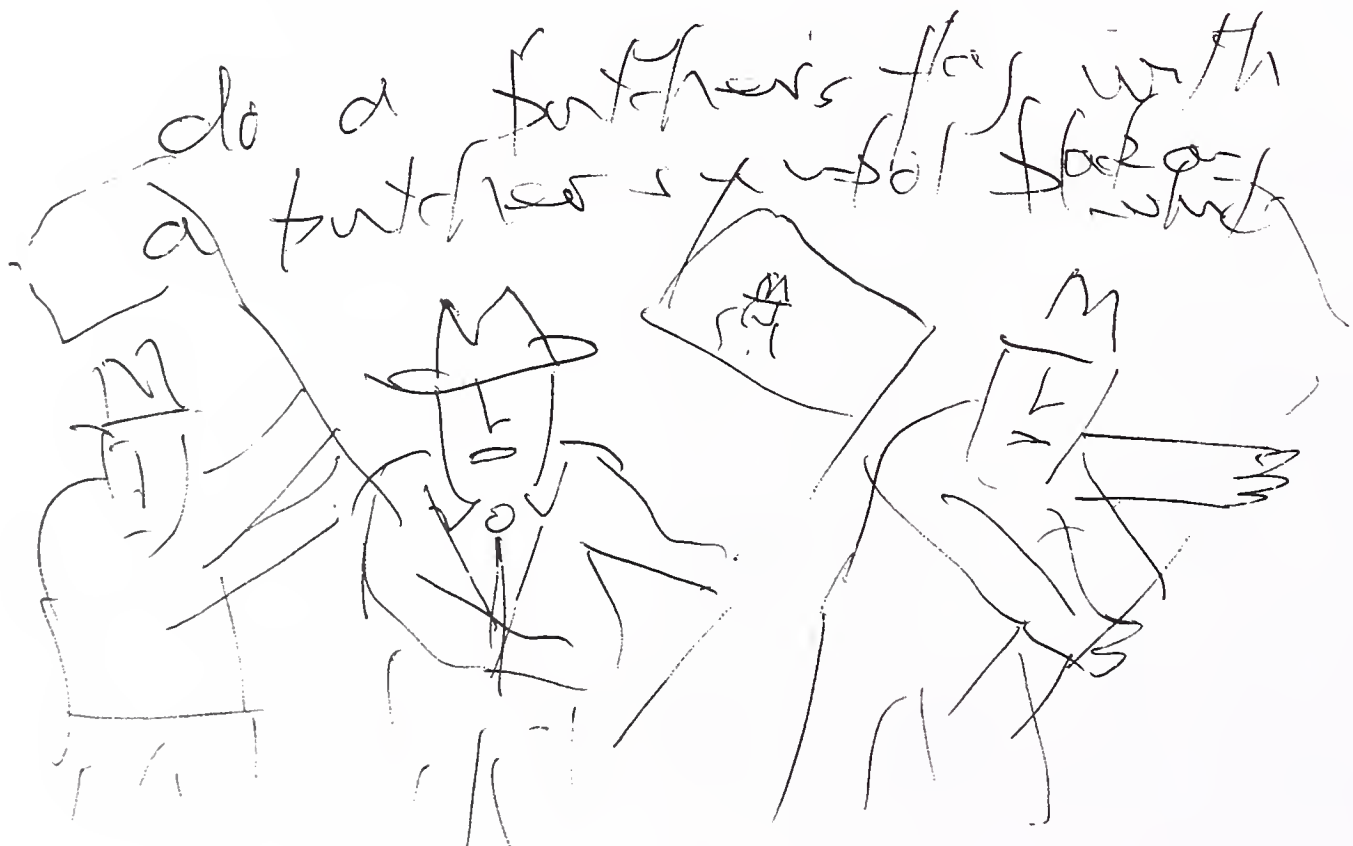
The Absence-of-International-Condemnation Dance

8

The Why-Do-They-Hate-Us-What-Have-We-Done-To-Them? Dance

And one Yes Dance: A Broom Dance to Sweep Away the Miserable Government.

End



Business as Usual

The business-as-usual manager in his beautiful office on top of the world

Revolutionaries and their wives, who are coats and pillows on which
the imminent revolution rests its tired head at night

Thirteen National Guard victims who have been beaten badly and badly restored
to normality after beating strangers in strange countries to pulp

Three pigs crossbred with humans but still overwhelmingly pig-like

A Christmas tree without its proper religion, a poor, solitary, decorated tree

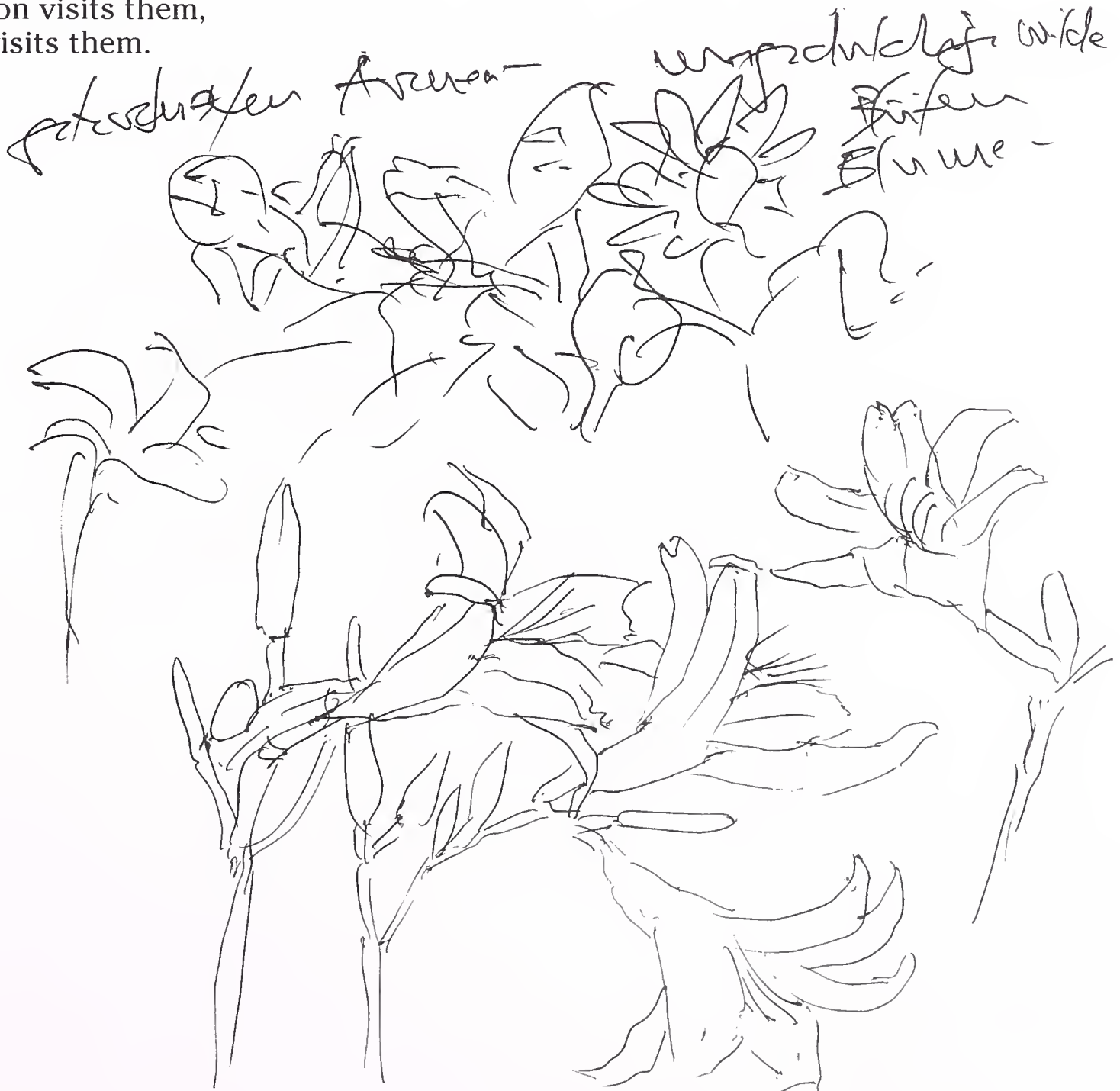
A large 8 a.m. subway crowd in New York City

A garden of Eden without humans

Five paper-mache gods representing five powers:
totality, superficiality, progress, love and snow

They sleep together,
the business-as-usual manager
assigns them their station in life,
the moon visits them,
death visits them.

End



Afterword

This collection is a random sampling of some of Bread & Puppet Theater's short pieces which were created between 1982 and 2006.

The shows that Bread & Puppet performs rarely start with a written script, but rather, they emerge from a combination of experimental rehearsals and director Peter Schumann's sometimes murky, sometimes lucid visions scribbled down as sketches and texts in worn and tattered notebooks.

Occasionally, Peter or one of the puppeteers, or a sympathetic observer, may write out the dialogue and simple stage directions of a piece as it is rehearsed, that become the script which later performers follow or change.

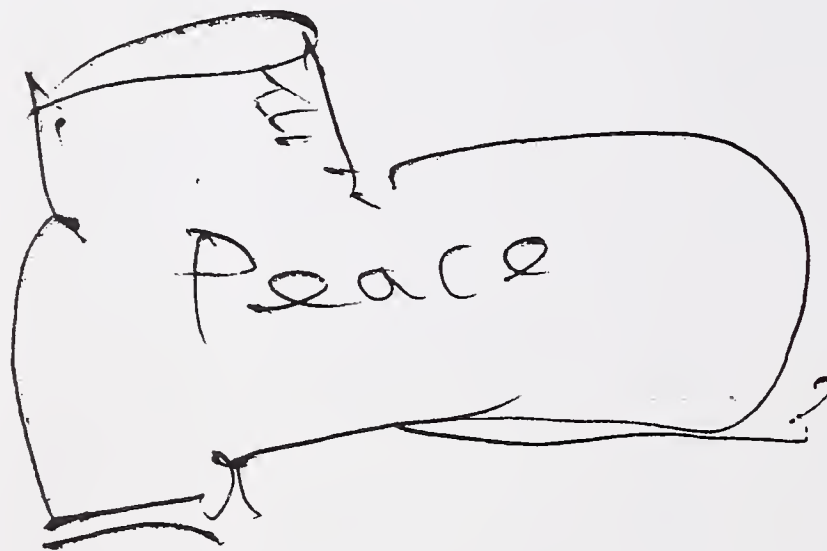
The Cantatstorias start with Peter's painted screens and exact text, but each group of puppeteers brings its own unique interpretation with its own music, choreography, staging and style of narration. A few Cantastorias, like *The Foot*, get set in concrete and continue, unchanged, over decades.

Business As Usual has never been performed and is perhaps the seed of a future show. ES

December 2006
Bread & Puppet Farm
Rte. 122, Glover, Vermont







ES/PM